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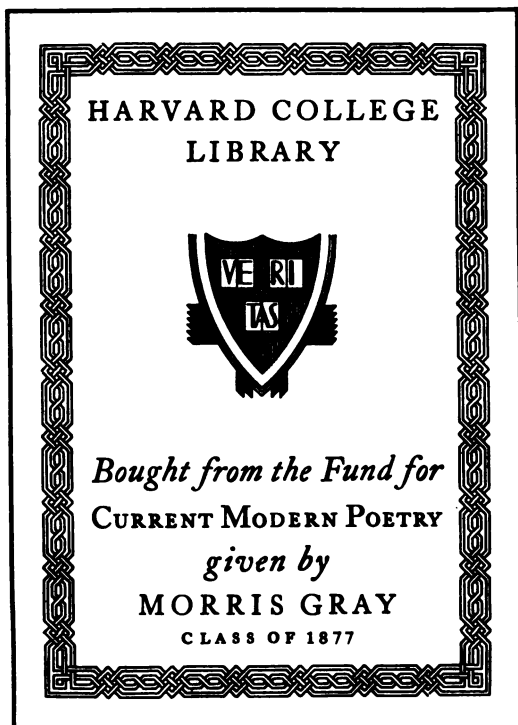
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A BOOK OF

S O N N E T S

AND

L Y R I C S

BY

SAMUEL ROTH

LYRIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

NEW YORK CITY

1917 . . .

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TO F. T.

When we first met you said there was so much
To live for and so much to break away,
It would be wise that we should, if we may,
Go hand in hand. And so we did. And such
Has been the triumph of the years, the clutch
Of sunlight on the common, strident way
We chose, and such the kindness of the day,
All things, it seems, turned golden at our touch.

And now to pick out words with which to show
That what has come to pass was so much yours,
The flash of mind, the geniality,
The breadth of spirit and the human glow
In which our star of fortune took its source—
Enough! enough that it is deep in me!

EVENING

I know not what the other days will bring
 In their slow moving caravan-long train.
 The solemn veil is drawn, it does not deign
 Of rising tides even a shadowing.
 But this I know, unknowing ; I shall sing
 Ever and ever this exultant strain :
 Yea, when the sun lights up the earth again,
 I shall be marching onward, wandering.

Draw back the curtain, nothing you may hide
 Can bring a tremor to my singing lips :
 The sun is failing in the sea, the ships
 Hurry to port, the ocean monsters ride
 Out of the regions of the day's eclipse
 With surly laughter and hilarious stride.

II

DARKNESS

Lift up the banners, strike the foeman down !
Bare the mute arm, unsheathe the shining steel.
See sun and moon and stars glisten and reel
With flame intoxication like your own.
Yours is not to regret : the barren frown
Upon the brooding countenance is real,
All else is shadow, vengeance is the seal
Of Him who all in human soul has sown.

And love and song and promise, friendship—these
Are but like sails of white on a green sea
That dip and glide and rustle with the breeze
Of sunny days, but vanish at the crack
Of clashing clouds when long chained storms break free,
And sea and sky are terrible and black.

III

DAWN

Lo, I have touched the waters of the tides
Of many days, who through dim vision spun
Of sheltered deeds now catch the glow of Sun
As o'er grey waters ploughed by Morn he rides,
Waving aflame the reckless flag of dawn,
Breaking the doors of caves where darkness hides,
And having freed the world, loftily glides
The blue resplendent mountain peaks upon.

Now he is gone, I pace the shores of Sea,
And airs of deeds once sunned across the Isle
Urge their fair presence on me to beguile
Once more my spirit. But this romancery
Leaves me as limp as seaweed, all the while
Day rushes wild toward eternity.

IV

FUTILITY

One want within us worlds can never fill
Nor the years heal, even though worlds should move
To sympathy, and love should rise above
Despair—this ill must ever be the ill.
There is a glory in our human will,
Called spirit, matched with dust its worth to prove,
Dust that undaunted braves a living love,
Dust yet stirring when the heart is still.

Better, I know—O better far—there were
'Twixt us and Nature an equality,
So we were with her rock with rock distilled—
And we could glean joy even in bitter war,
Break the clean lance and pay the penalty,
And let him conquer who most sternly willed.

THE BRONZE CUP

I too drank deep the cup of bronze this Age
 Pressed to my lips, and taught my soul uncouth
 To hold it to be universal truth
 That from the loins of that Almighty Rage .
 Who framed the stars and days, came Man the Sage
 Armed nobly with the thunderbolts of Youth
 And blind sublimity, that he, forsooth,
 With valour might all mortal things engage.

And I would still believe, did not one come
 (Who was not of the Strong) beneath my sill,
 Ragged and haggard, yet in face a king;
 And when he pleads low, how can I be dumb?
 And when he falters, how can I be still,
 And think that weakness is so mean a thing?

POETRY

A wistful voice is urging me within :

It is pretense in thee to sing, and wrong ;

For what is thine that thou shouldst praise ? True song
Flows from the depth of life, not from the thin
And bitter dregs. The heights of joy to win,

Love must rise strong in us and reach out strong,

Held in a boundless deep, and whirled along

By currents greater than what yet has been.

But when I think of all the mystic wars

And conquests passing through my inner sight,

And moonless nights and sunless days have wove

In me, I cry : Who has not glimpsed the stars

Through dim, blurred windows trembling for the light,

He dies a fool unknown to song or love.

A LOST SPRING

Another Spring was dawning on the earth
 And whispered in his ear: "The time is now.
 Lo, all the fields where ye were wont to sow
 The ancient seed will never more give birth
 To bitter fruit such as in vengeful mirth
 God bade you eat. Therefore, tell them to throw
 The seed away and come with me. I vow
 They shall have vintage of much greater worth."

The Prophet knit his brow and turned aside:
 What can it mean? New vintage, other seed,
 And other fruit, a new eternity?
 But is the fruit we have, not sweet, and wide
 The heaven of our long accustomed deed?
 Nay, nay: this cannot be for them or me!

VIII

ON SEEING A PORTRAIT OF RUPERT BROOKE

England! I almost had forgot the race
Of Cromwell lives! For that your lamp burned low
In the House of the Nations; and your brow
Was dark, and there was not on it that grace
Which only noble statehoods wear, to trace
In man the god. As all lay dark with woe
Of silent mouths and rushing thunder, lo!
I caught remembrance of you in this face.

I who am exiled from the House, whose sight
Is dim with darkness, and whose frowning ways
Stretch endlessly—I cannot speak the word
These features urge. I only know the light
Of you once more has vivified my days—
You blew the trumpet, England, and I heard.

IX

PLAY

(TO PAULINE)

I know a spot where children used to play
 Long, long ago, the old familiar games
 You played yourself no doubt, their very names,
So wistful wise, to think of makes you gay,
Though you be old and yours as far away
 The boon of ease—Hop Frog and Friar James,
 And Blind Man's Buff and Hide and Seek—whose fames,
Like God's, are immortality to-day.

And there was sunlight, I remember, too,
 That lit up every little face, and glowed
 Warm from the grassy lawns flowering fair
About us, bright as dawn and wondrous new
 As was the light that in those child eyes showed—
 And now I wonder: Was I really there?

THE HUMAN FACE

Consider what is written on the face
 Of man, and go your way contentedly,
 For you've seen all there is for us to see
 On earth and heaven. There all marvels trace:
 The toils and conquests of the climbing race
 And what is in us of divinity—
 That unseen sun which from its inner sky
 Showers the kindly sunlight through our days.

The hate and envy of our frowning great
 We walk amongst as through the Aisles of Pain—
 Can realm of Satan be more terrible?
 But love is waiting at the farthest gate,
 Lips smiling toward an endless summer lane,
 And he is stronger than the kings of Hell.

XI

**WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE DEATH OF
REGINALD PAGET**

A MUCH BELOVED STUDENT AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Ours is a heritage of memory
Who darkly shrine the scroll of our desire,
And with bowed heads and humbled hearts entire
Guard o'er the ark, nor peer in it to see.
This is our faith: the rock, the bay, the tree
Are but the breathing of a soul of fire
That cannot burn forever, and whose pyre
Shall fall and pass away eternally.

Our memory, shrined in the ark, remains.
And though with insolent and wilful strength
Death tore the gallant banner from his hand
And broke his song, nor power of suns or rains
May draw him to the formless dust at length
Out of the ark, while still we guarding stand.

XII

POOR FOLK

When I remember what I said that night—
 Something about the proletariat
 Or such like thought we love to meditate
In public—and that she, within my sight,
Unknown to me as yet, looked wondering
 Upon my zeal and thought still thoughts of me
 As I spoke on, I feel these things to be
More than a rabble's problems, and I think:

'Twas good of God who made us of the clay,
 Hammered his noble image on our dust,
 And filled our souls with spirit, fire, and dew,
To make, with dawns and flowers on the way,
 Poor people of a more than earthly trust,
 Pitying whom, we seem so bold and true.

XII

EGYPT

(CONCEIVED IN THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT OF THE
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART)

On the white stone and royal papyrus
Of human immortality, she wrought
A beast: stark features, emptiness of thought,
And frozen soul that is alike to us.
In man's Memorial Halls, the winged steed,
The stern, oppressive brow, and all the might
Of mankind beautiful fades in the light
Of rotting flesh, immortal striving greed.

Egypt, you live! but in the life of you
I die. Is this the thing for which you strove?
Such flesh it were much nobler to destroy
Than consecrate. Such soul, if soul be true,
'Twas mockery to call immortal love.
You say that ugly lip curled human joy!

XIX

PROGRESS

I sometimes think there's little in it all,
And we are lower than that human plan
Which like a crimson thread of sunlight ran
Through the vast mazes of our rise and fall.
All this vain striving that we progress call
Leads us beyond ourselves. Man is more man
Than god. And love of man is nobler than
The hate of peoples crouching at the Wall.

When such things come to pass, and men arise
With laughter, daring and the stubborn will
To break the dreams of man—the state, the home—
I do distrust the knowledge in their eyes,
I turn me from them and I know that still
The problem is: Are we with Christ or Rome?

SHELLEY

Our poet, says a simple tale of him,
 Held with a stubborn reverence the faith
 That babes are born in heaven, and, so saith
 This tale, perhaps spurred by a sudden whim,
 With one new born held converse lengthy. "Oh,
 Pray sir," the lady spake all laughter-riven,
 "What means this?" "I but ask for news of heaven."
 "Surely,"—the lady smiling—"he can't know."

And then, so runs this tale, our singer prince,
 His soft eyes darkling brightly, and his lips
 Widening like the child's: "O say it not.
 It is but thirty dawns and twilights since
 He left his playmates back of the eclipse,
 It cannot be he has soon forgot."

xxi

TO J. E.

Oh, I have seen so much of open sky
And wild wind flowering in fresh green wood
And unregretting death and beatitude
In the dark forest of humanity;
When you like sudden whiteness happened by
And reached into my listless solitude
With words dearer than silence and as good,
I stood and wondered only. Now a sigh

Bursts silent through my deeper spirit's core,
And breaks the firmness of my lips. I see
How I am passing on and on and on
Over the long road of the wanderer,
And Love the beauty of the wayside tree
I may but briefly, briefly look upon.

XXII

TO ANNA

Do you remember still the passionate hour
When I, the meek, before your face made vow,
Should it e'er pass that I see you as now,
Kneeling, I do within this moon blest bower,
And do not feel in me passion's swift pour
Flooding my highest purposes, I'll know
The roots of life are withered here below,
And vanity are life and love and power.

And here I am, the bold, singing aloud
Of many things—of love and joy and woe
And love's reward, and it is long since I
Held converse with you, never since I vowed!
I sit and sing and bluster here, although
You, sad and lonely, just now wandered by.

XXIII

AFTER BURNING THE LETTERS SHE
RETURNED TO ME

So much of me is ashes, lifeless, cold,
And all the early dawns of my soul
Passed into this. It is as though the whole
Of life within a vast, mysterious world
Blacker than Night tarried a tryst to hold
With Death, while all around in silence roll
From star swinging to star, from pole to pole,
The elements of longing, urgent, bold. . . .

You, dear beloved, must not know the pall
That blights my days now that the lithesome flame
Is passing from my lips, and spring winds blow
To me the mysteries of last year's fall.
Lonely and cold I breathe a hollow name—
Of this, beloved, you must never know!

GHOSTS

She stood half leaning in the dark doorway,
 Light kindling softly in her anxious eyes:
 "I tire," she pleaded, "tire of all that's wise
 And witty. Is there nothing you can say
 Of love, our love, that is not of the day?"
 It lingered in my heart, but could not rise
 The word that would have wrought the sweet surmise
 Which turns to godliness the common clay.

Ah, many days have passed, and she and I
 Never since crossed the green of sea or grass
 Together. Now I know what silenced me.
 The world of shadows, ghosts that will not die,
 Guarded Love's Gate and would not let me pass,
 And we are patient as the dead can be!

TO MANYA

If naught this hand has done to hold this head
And heal this heart displease the soul of you ;
If seeing me you do believe me true,
And smile to recollect the little dread
That chilled your days ere I tight clasped your hand
Lest life deal hard with you ; dear, if the pain
Which like a heavy mist engulfs us twain
Has not blurred all, and you still understand

That I am more than all the laboring hours
Which like the sullen crew of some dread god
March through my days ; if tears of love can move you ;
Rise up and fling aside your crimson flowers
Plucked from an alien and unfriendly sod,
And let me touch your hands and say I love you.

IF I SHOULD SPEAK

If I should speak you would not understand.
 You'd only hear my voice and see my eyes
 And the remembrance of old ecstasies
 Awakening within you solemn-grand
 Would flood my words; you would forget my hand
 Lay tremulous on yours, you would arise
 And go from me as night when silence dies
 And dawn and shouting harrow all the land.

How can you understand that this my heart
 Is but a sparrow in an eagle's nest?
 So far it is from both the sky and land,
 It cannot rise or fall, so lives apart
 From fear of conquest and from hope of rest . . .
 I will not speak; you could not understand.

XXVII

TRIFLES

The road is clear to-night, and all is still.

I do not mind the stars; the only thing

Alive, the moon, perched full upon her wing,

Is drifting languidly over the hill.

I think if the eternal grasp should will

To loose one moment in the iron ring

Of law and place, she ,too, would fall and cling

To the dead ashes, and she would not thrill.

Nor would I stir to see the death, were't not

That in the circle of this very moon

And in this hill's shade sleep my heart and you.

Such loves have been, I know, and are forgot,

Death comes to all and never comes too soon,

Yet in these trifles, dear, let us be true.

xxviii

SHOULD YOU TURN FROM ME

Should you turn from me for a far-off clime
And never more to me the sun should bring
Your image, but in fine imagining;
Only your name remain in sounding rhyme
Of all the tokens of our friendship's time
To keep your memory a living thing—
Would these slow measures never cease to sing
Out of the wheeling universal slime?

I fear the fuel that we gather here
In the green fields and forests of our youth
For the eternal bonfire of our Dream
May yet turn traitor, yea, before the year
Of exultation dawns, and dead of root
Darkly will float down the eternal stream.

EARTH LONGS NOT

Earth longs not for the sure returning Spring
 More potently—even in those sad days
 When the pale sky her sombre white arms lays
 Round hers, and she and heaven mourn to bring
 The dusky sun to life—than I who cling
 Still to the hope of you. Earth's wintry gaze
 Is fearless white, her warm heart stirs with praise,
 Her hope, now silent, soon is on the wing.

My heaven, too, is set. My stars are clear.
 My strength is even as the strength of earth,
 With sources like her own unlimited.
 But there's in me a feeling worse than fear.
 It whispers to me: Nay, nor all your mirth
 Nor strength may conquer, now your hope is dead.

xxx

AFTER THE FEAST

The deep and bitter shame of it comes back
To me; the faces pinched with greed; the eyes
Close rimmed and small, like fawns', which to despise
Were praise of goodly things; the mouths so black
With lust, to see them dazed the soul; the rack
Of all they spoke; and how I did arise,
Grief ridden, panting of the worldly wise,
And o'er the empty, moonlit fields made track.

And then the glory—as on a white stone
I sat, my head buried within my arm,
Numb with despair, feeling myself to be
Dust of the dust, with these things intergrown,
Sudden a tear broke through the awful charm,
And I learned forward with the thought of thee.

XXXI

AFTER

Will there be nothing left of loveliness
 With me when you at last are wholly gone?
 A problem I how often pondered on!
I thought the light of eye and dark of tress
You brought me all I ever could possess
 Of beauty. Now you've left me, I have won
 Darkness of night and light of daily sun
In such rich measure, I would not have less:

And beauties it were straining to give name,
 And winds I heard not, listening to you;
 Fair leaves I glimpsed not, rapt upon your dress;
Sweet songs that climb not to the ear of fame,
 The joy of little hidden things and new,
 And sorrow for your vanished loveliness.

xxxii

HAVAIL HAVOLIM

And will our offering please the High God
 Before whom all such offerings are brought,
 Whose eyes shall scan in it our inmost thought?
Will he not feel perplexed and think it odd
That we who through such golden poems trod
 The strong ethereal highways, yet have sought
 Divergent paths on earth, deeming it nought
To share in mutual joy the yielding sod?

And what of words, now dead, whose power we drew
 From passing worlds and overhanging stars—
 Can God forgive this thing and still be Lord?
Will he not see that we have bickered through
 The holiest of all his passionate wars
 Nor once picked from the ground his shining Sword?

SINCE ALL THE SONGS I SANG ARE STILL

Since all the songs I sang are still,
And all the loves I loved are fled,
And no profound awakening will
Sleeps grandly in the fountain bed
Of the large spirit of my days—
Come green of forest, sound of rill,
Leaf of the oak, ledge of the hill,
Awake! and let us feast until
Earth proudly speaks our praise.

Echo, echo! ranging wide
Over the wind-swept tawny dale!
If I will run and leap to your side
Will you answer me hail to hail?
The hand I withdrew once more take,
Forgive the absence long and cold,
Believe I love you as of old
And wander with me through the wold
And over the silent lake?

O, I have long forgotten you,
Sprite of the lonely, autumn wood,

And while you danced on the evening dew
I pined in loathsome solitude
Or trembling stood her gate before.
Is it not ample punishment
I loved but never knew content,
And I repent, and I repent,
And plead your love once more?

A STAR

A star fell past my window yesternight,
A star of gold that vanished as it came,
And long, O long! I peered and peered into
The dimness of the stellar world in vain!
O God, to whom Eternity is one
Vast night of dying stars, how can I see
Into the little night of one wan world
Wherein the fall of stars commingles with
The sobs of faltering souls, and be at rest?

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF MY
TWENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

Because our soul is of the clay
And knows its vision is a thing which sees, then sees no more,
A spark in the eternal clash of worlds
Lighting one day
In the magnificence of universal war
But in the ceaseless rush of flight on flight
Feels more and more
The tightening rein of life which is the pulse of death;
Because our soul is clay of clay,
One with the breath,
We hold high vigil o'er the rolling years
Of all the deeds we do, the thoughts we think,
And we do set aside some common day
From which as from a skiey throne
We hold them up, out of their earthly spheres,
And one by one,
And link by link,
Match them with the all-wondrous sun.

The throne of Youth (and youth is mine)
Is one of flowers, I know.
'Tis not a judgment seat.

Youth sees from it a universal play
Where in each scene those kindly wonders show
Which nothing do pretend in feat
Of change, but glory in the luminous and crystal Day:
Pride of high knowledge, sight of bursting wood
And flowering field;
Beautiful solitude;
Thought of dawn's splendid yield
Of dew and light; sheer strength; and Love;
And Song which is the end of Love.

And if I come
At the appointed time
To take my wonted place
Not like those splendid youth
To whom the throne is Home,
A seat of grace,
But sad and dumb,
Think not these things sublime
Pass by unloved; that I see not their truth;
A bitter memory has numbed my senses that I am unmoved.

WRITTEN ON THE EVENT OF THE DEATH
OF RUPERT BROOKE

I did not know you by your face,
They say that you were fair to see :
An ocean rolled twixt you and me,
And you were of another race.

Your ways were not alike to mine,
Your deeds revolved in other spheres,
The golden orbit of your years
Was touched by rays of the Divine.

And never would our ways have crossed,
And I should always have been dumb
Did not your soul to my soul come
Across the gulf of death, storm-tossed.

I know! I know! There is no fear;
There is no life; there is no death;
There's but the sweetness of the breath
And all that holds us prisoned here.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

From sunlit shores whose waters praise the sky,
And from less happy lands where men with gods
Conspire in mischief to betray earth's joy,
We gladly come here to your marble tent
All white and sombre, where no sagas roll
The sunny air, nor elfin nightingales
From dark bushed trees pour forth a music strange—
And yet the air is wildly, wildly sweet!

And who shall say what magic hand has touched
This spot? Or from what hidden springs
Bubbles the genial light which decks the stone
With grandeur not its native element?
Where rude hands plied with iron, stone and rule,
A spirit greets the unexpected eye;
Where it was said, Here shall the simple learn,
Laughter replies, Nay, not the simple learn,
But they already learned shall unlearn
Dead knowledge with which heart and brain are ill.
Yea, all shall see, and there will be great joy!

Columbia, where mate deep peace with hope!
How often in the still of night and stars—
Stars o'er Columbia!—I've roamed your aisles,

Your wide, white aisles, in ecstasy of pride!
Pride in your strength, your broad democracy,
Your beauty and your peace, Columbia!
Then have I known that constant, restless fire
Which men in love of temple and of race
Light in their hearts in answer to the stars.

Yet I remember well one awful Night,
(The splendid granite of the Library
Reared stern her majesty under a cloud,
A little cloud that hovered like a sign)
I stood all reverent beneath the eyes
Of Alma Mater, when a voice like Death
Spoke low: Some day these gentle eyes will lift,
And suddenly a thousand arms will slant
A thousand flaming spears!

But well I know
This too shall pass, like mists at break of dawn,
And you will be your ancient self again.
And generations of America
Will roam your quiet and majestic Halls
And hear the ages of Humanity
Voice the humility of Man and God.
For these are yours, the never-to-fade sign
Of all your years—Beauty and Strength and Peace!

MEETINGS

I like to think of them.
Maurice racking his brain for an epigram.
Judith humming a familiar song.
Manya reciting from Shelley, her eyes closed.
Sulamith kicking her feet in the air.
All of us sprawled out
Bohemian like
Before the gas imitation furnace,
Chewing candied peanuts.
And I dreaming of my lost love.
It's a memory to think on!

MORNINGSIDE HEIGHTS

This mighty battlement of black rocks mounted high
God himself built.
It was builded for prophecy.
He whose blessed mouth shall utter the noble, terrible words
Will stand here
And feel Columbia at his side
And know the Hudson and the Palisades behind him,
And he shall look down
And behold with his own eyes
Dawn come out of the chimneys of a million little houses.

ON THE SHORE

Out of the Northland with your brands of flame!
Fire every planet till the firmament
Glow back the passion of my wakened love!
The sun's red arm is slanting in the sea,
Night's herald shadows walk upon the waves,
And she and I are gazing from the shore,
Silent and tender as the twilight's fall,
Over the foam, the shadows and the Night.

God! Let this heavy blue of stars and sky
Vanish away. I will not see it more!
Have I eternity that I should count
My little seconds by its endlessness?
I tell you I will yet arise before
The granite pillars of Infinity
And beat the lifelessness into a flare,
And hold the heavens burning with breath.

If I was made an atom of the clay
Here at the dead waves' feet to toil and rest,
To brother with the weed, seeing no light
But that which moon and sun with high born pride
Drop carelessly into the sieve of space;
A thing of dust contemptible of Fate,

Spawn of a higher purpose made to crawl
And mumble with the ground flea—why then love?

Love! love! your eyes do make my purpose kin
With that of the most distant star, and weaves
The universe of light about my soul
Like a garment. There is no endlessness
Nor greatness greater than the love in you.
Behold this glowing house of starred roof
And wide blue walls and wondrous swinging lamps
And curving rainbow paths—this house is ours!

ON THIS SUNNY HILLOCK

On this sunny hillock looking out to sea,
Lie my books and papers and the rest of me.

Here the grass is nodding gaily with the breeze,
There the waters sparkle with the sun at ease.

On the white horizon ships loom up and pass:
Pleasant people round me flock upon the grass,

Lounge upon the hillock, chat an hour or so,
Then they rise up lightly, laughingly they go.

I alone remain here with the stirring grass,
I alone remain here with the ships that pass.

Twilight on the hillock, shadows on the sea;
Will the passing people never turn to me?

Grasses tall and silent, grasses, you are brave;
Hillock art my pillow, hillock be my grave.

A SONG OF EARTH

Earth in my hands,
Earth soft as down and warm as flowers,
This is my new pleasure—
Just earth,
Earth brown as autumn berries,
Earth slipping softly through my fingers,
Earth than which there is no purer joy.

Long have I searched beneath the stars
For beauty, love.
Earth is my fondest discovery.
I go about wondering, marvelling
That there is so much adventure
Near us.

Earth glowing in every round atom like a sun;
Earth alive with the longing of passionate women,
Earth firm with the strong hand clasps of friends,
Earth rejoicing with love,
Earth sorrowing for want of love.

I think I know now
Why Earth deals so sternly with her Idealists,
Throwing them upon the rocks,

Chaining them to the oak;
They do not fathom her love,
They do not see her flowers,
And they reach their worship to the stars, her rivals!
Earth is jealous of her sturdy sons.

I have sought so much loveliness—
It is here in the earth,
It is now in my hands,
My senses are full of it,
This beauty which beckons to me in the eyes of women,
Eyes drawing me to them with such wistfulness,
This passion which pulsates to me in the presence of the City,
The City whose towers are arms reaching out to me;
Earth my kindest friend
Who will give me rest when my pain is unbearable;
Earth my truest friend
Who will restore me my life again.

All this I understand now,
As, sitting here on bare Earth,
Within the precincts of the City,
Broken,
Defeated,
And fondling a handful of earth
I feel flowing through me a sudden, majestic calm.

